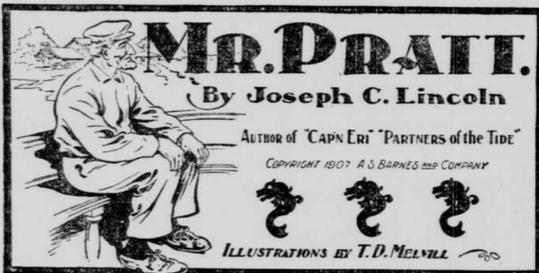




"Put—Your—Helm—Over—to—Port! Port! You Lubber, Port!"



# MR. PRATT.

By Joseph C. Lincoln

Author of "CAPN ERI" "PARTNERS OF THE TIDE"

COPYRIGHT 1907 A. S. BARNES AND COMPANY



ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. MELVILLE

### SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical narration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest. Because of latter pair's lavish expenditure of money, Pratt's first impression was connected with lunatics. The arrival of James Hopper, Van Brunt's valet, gave Pratt the desired information about the New Yorkers. They wished to live what they termed "The Natural Life." Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who kept Hartley up. "The Heavens" bear a long story of the domestic woes of Mrs. Hannah Jane Purvis, their cook and mistress of all work. Decide to let her go and engage Sol Pratt as chef. Twins agree to leave Nathan Scudder's abode and begin unavailing search for another doctress. Adventure at Fourth of July celebration at Eastwick. Hartley rescued a boy, known as "Reddy," from under a horse's feet and the urchin proved to be one of Miss Page's charges, whom she had taken to the country for an outing. Miss Page and Hartley were separated during a fierce storm, which followed the picnic.

### CHAPTER V.—Continued.

I presumed likely that I understood—more maybe that he thought I did. Headache is a fair to middling excuse, but I judged there was other things. I'd seen them two look at each other when they met, and—well, they say a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse, and I ain't blind. I made a sort of note in my mind to get the pumps to working again on Lord James next time I got a chance at him alone.

Hartley left me and went over to the railroad depot and I kept on down the road to the shore. I was leaning along, going over to myself the doings of the afternoon and wondering what Van Brunt would say and so on, when I come out into the clear place at the top of Meeting House hill. And the meeting house clock struck four.

I jumped like I'd set down on a hot stove. I hadn't no idea it was as late as that. The pig and the Page girl and the rest of the mix-up had put all notion of time out of my head. I yanked out my watch to make sure that that clock was right, and then I glanced at the sky. Over to the eastward a big, fat, gray fog bank was piling up. 'Twas high water at two, Eastwick Port cove is a nasty place to get out of at low tide, and here was an easterly fog coming.

As a general thing I don't take anybody's wash when it comes to handling a boat or looking out for weather and such, but now I was ready to sing small. A ten-year-old boy brought up along shore would have known better than to do as I'd done. Don't make no odds how good an excuse I had for forgetting; no excuse is good where it comes to sailing. I went down that hill like the man in the tin coffin went to Tophet, "clinkety jingle." I jumped fences and cut across lots, and I'm ready to swear right now that there's more horsebriars to the square inch in Eastwick Port than in any other place on the Lord's green earth. I bust through the pines and come out on the beach yelling: "Hi! Turn out, everybody! Get aboard now. Live—"

And, by time! there wa'n't a soul in sight. For no less than twenty-two and a half minutes by my watch I walked up and down that beach, seeing the tide go out and bellering "Aho!" and "Where are you?" at the top of my lungs. And then, lo and behold you, here comes Van Brunt and Lord James, poking along as if they had all the time there was. Van had been over behind the point taking a swim and his lordship had gone along to set on his boss' trussers and keep the creases in, or some such mighty important job.

"All right, skipper; all right," draws Van, cool as a Sunday school boy at an ice cream social. "You've got good lungs and you'd ought to be

eyed and pitiful. As for Van, he went on reciting something about being on the sea, "with the blue above and the blue below." He wa'n't going to stir—not him.

"Look here," I says. "If we strike a sand bar and a squall strikes us at the same time we'll go blower, way down, where it's a big sight blower than 'tis here, 'cording to the minister's tell. Go for'ard on lookout, won't you?"

So he went, though I doubt if he'd have known a bar when he see one—not that kind anyway.

Pretty soon the breeze give out altogether. And then, from off in the distance, I heard a noise, a rushing, roaring kind of noise.

"Hark!" I yells. "Do you hear that? Here she comes! Down with the jib. Haul on that rope, Mr. Van, will you? No, no! Tother one! Tother one! Godfrey scissors! Here you Oppy; hang on to that tiller! Keep her just as she is."

I made a long arm, grabbed that valet man by the collar, yanked him into the sternsheets and jammed the tiller into his hand. Then I took a flying leap for'ard where the Twin was trying to cast loose the peak halliard, having a notion, it seemed, that it ought to belong to the jib.

The squall struck us. The fog split into pieces, same as a rotten top's. The Dora Bassett heeled over till I thought she was going on her beam ends. His lordship turned loose a yell like a tugboat whistle, like the tiller and dives headfirst into the cockpit amidships. As for me, I was swinging over the side with my whole weight on the jib downhaul, pawing air with my feet, and trying to get back my balance.

That downhaul was old and some rotten. It broke and I went overboard with a howl and a splash.

I went down far enough to begin to see glimpses of that blue place I was speaking of just now. Then I pawed up for air. When my head stuck out of water there was something big and black swooping past it. I made a grab and caught hold. As luck would have it 'twas the skiff we was towing astern.

I climbed into that skiff like a cat up a tree. I was full of salt water—eyes and all—but I could see the Dora Bassett flopping ahead of me with her gaff halfway down her mast. Seems the halliard had broken just after the downhaul did.

I roared, a spluttering kind of roar. And then Van's head stuck out over the sloop's stern.

"God sakes!" says he. "Are you drowned?"

"Drowned!" I hollers. "Think I'm a pesky lubber just cause you—" I had to stop here to cough. I was a regular tank, as you might say, of salt water.

"Good heavens!" says Van. "Do they always do that—boats, I mean?"

"Always do—" I wassomadat myself and all creation that I could scarcely answer. "Oh, suffering mighty! if ever go to sea again with a parcel of— Catch a hold of that tiller! Bring her into the wind! Cast off that main-sheet! Cast it off! Here come another one!"

I suppose mainsheets are kind of scarce on the "Street." Anyhow I see that he didn't know what I meant.

"That rope at the stern," I hollers, dancing around in the skiff. "Cast it off! Live!"

The second squall struck us. I see the Dora Bassett drive off in a sweeping half circle, the end of the boom knocking the tops of the waves to pieces and the spray flying like a waterfall. And, louder than the wind or anything else, I could hear Lord James bellowing for home and mother.

But 'twan't till afterwards that I remembered any of this. Just then I had other fish to fry. There was two or three ropes at the salboard's stern and Van had cast off one of 'em, same as I ordered.

Only, as it happened, instead of the mainsheet he'd cast off the skiff's painter. Me and the Dora Bassett was parting company fast.

From out of the dark ahead of me come a yell, louder even than Lord James' distress signals.

"Sol!" hollers Van Brunt. "Sol Pratt!"

"Ay, ay!" I screams. "I'm all right. Never mind me. Put your helm over to port."

"Port what?"

"Put—your—helm—over—to—port! Port! You lubber! Port!" My manners had gone overboard when I did and they'd missed the skiff.

"Twas quiet for a minute. Then, from further off comes the screech: "What—part—of—the—damn—thing—is—port?"

"Never mind!" I yells. "Keep—her—just—as—she—is. You'll—fetch—up—all—right. Better—take—reef. Slack—that—main—sheet!"

Then I had to quit and grab up the oars and bring the skiff bow on to the oars. When I got her headed right I couldn't see nor hear nothing of the Dora Bassett. As Major Philander Phinney says when he gets to telling how much better General Grant would have done if he'd took his advice, I was "disconnected with my base of supplies."

### CHAPTER VI. Ozone Island.

I was pretty busy for the next good while 'tending to that skiff. And scared, don't say a word. Not scared for myself, you understand—no, in fact. When I get drowned, with a tight plank under me and a pair of oars in my hand, 'twon't be in the bay, I'll tell you that. But I was scared for Van Brunt and his lordship in the Dora Bassett. They didn't either of 'em know the jib from the rudder, and the valet was too crazy frightened to be of any use if he had.

But Van was sure to be cool enough, and the broken gaff would act like a double reef, so that was some comfort. And the squall wa'n't going to amount to nothing—'twas only a fair breeze even now—so if Van had sense enough to keep the tiller straight and let her run they'd fetch up somewhere alongshore, I judged. And, to make me hope still more, the squall had brought a complete change of wind with it; now 'twas blowing back up the bay instead of out to sea.

So I squared my shoulders and laid to the oars, heading for where, judging by the wind, the land ought to be.

### DOWN MISSOURI WAY

#### CANADA'S RESPECT FOR LAW AND ORDER THE SUBJECT FOR FAVORABLE COMMENT.

Those who have visited Canada are always impressed with the strict observance that is given to the laws of the country, and the order that is preserved everywhere. The editor of the Gazette, of Fulton, Nev., recently paid a visit to Western Canada. He was so impressed with the conditions that he saw everywhere, that on his return home he was inspired to write as follows: "Reverence and respect for law is a dominant characteristic of the Canadian people. Wherever one goes in Canada, whether east or west, the law is supreme. The law is obeyed because it is law, seemingly, and not because violation carries a penalty. Canada enforces the law and makes every law effective. No country is more free than Canada. In name Canada is a dependency of the British Crown. In fact, it is almost a third republic. All its taxes are voted, collected and expended by the Dominion and the provinces. The nominal head of the Government is the Governor General, appointed by the English Crown. Practically his only authority is to veto the acts of parliament, which he scarcely ever exercises. Canada gives nothing to the support of the English government or the English king. She gives England the advantage in trade regulations and tariff laws, and in return receives the protection of the British army and navy. Canada enjoys the protection without sharing in the expense.

"The sale of liquor is strictly regulated. None but hotel-keepers may obtain license to vend the stuff, and before a license can be secured an applicant must prove good character and provide twenty rooms in his tavern for the accommodation of guests. The bar-rooms close at 7 o'clock Saturday evening and remain closed until Monday morning. The schools and churches in Western Canada excite admiration. Though new, Western Canada is not godless. The finest buildings in every town are the churches. Next come the school houses.

Turning to the wheat fields of Western Canada, the editor of the Laurel (Neb.) Advocate of Sept. 17th says: "I have often thought that the reason that the characters of Charles Dickens are so impressed upon the minds of his readers is because he dwells upon them so long and describes them so minutely that by the time one has waded through his long drawn out stories they are so burned into his brain that he can never forget them. It was this way with the Canadian wheat fields. Had we only seen a few the memory of them might have worn away in time, but a long drawn out experience such as we had is sure to leave an ineffaceable impression. Never while we live shall we forget the Canadian wheat fields. They call it the granary of the British Empire, and we don't blame 'em. Nobody who has seen these wheat fields can wonder at their enthusiasm. It is worth while to record that these fields have now been harvested, and in many cases yields as high as forty and fifty bushels per acre have been marketed, while the general average has been away above 20 bushels per acre. Oats and barley have also done well, and the profits, the prices of grains being high, have paid the entire cost of the farms of many a farmer. There is now 160 acres of land given away, in addition to the 160 acres that the homesteader may purchase at \$3.00 an acre. Particulars of this as well as the lowest railway rates will be given by the Canadian Government Agent.

"Queer that boy should turn out to be his brother, wa'n't it?" he says.

"Whose brother?" says I, leaning out over the yawl's side and watching for signs of the Dora Bassett.

"Why, Hartley's," he says.

"Brother!" says I. "'Twan't his brother. No relation to him."

"I heard different," he says. "I heard 'twas his brother, name of Oscar Dennis. And that woman from the school was his brother's wife. Some says she ain't living with her husband and some say Hartley's right name is Dennis and that she's his wife and he was down here hiding from her. Seems when that boy first dove into the crowd 'twas because he'd seen Hartley. They say that when that woman and this Hartley met, she sings out: 'My God! my husband!' That's what some says she said, and others says—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How to Resist Colds. Medical science is now nearly unanimous in its belief that colds are acquired by infection, just like measles or scarlet fever. They run through schools and factories and families. Folk who lead outdoor lives and dwell in well ventilated houses are least susceptible to them if they do not underfeed or overindulge in alcohol and if they do not pile on so much clothing that the splendid armor of the human skin is pampered and weakened. Plenty of cold bathing and exercise, light underwear, free use of water inside and outside of the body and sleeping with wide-open windows will help them to resist the infection.

There is an Order Higher Still. You are set in an age when the material civilization of the world has been piled up to a gigantic height, to testify that there is an order higher still; that the body and eternity than time, so the moral order is above the material; that justice is above power; that justice may suffer loss, but must reign at last; that power is not right; that no wrongs can be sanctified by success; nor can the immutable laws of right and wrong be confounded.—Cardinal Manning.

Modest Ambition. "So you expect to convince your constituents that you are a great, good and wise man," said the sneering friend.

"No, I don't," answered Senator Sorghum. "All I am trying to do is to show that the other fellow is worse than I am. The average political triumph doesn't get much beyond being accepted as the lesser of two evils."

### ONE CALAMITY NOT FORESEEN.

And That, of Course, Was the One That Actually Occurred.

Mrs. Silas Bennett was a philosopher. On a certain dismal occasion some of the neighboring women were condoling with her. With commendable cheerfulness, says a writer in the New York Times, she replied: "I've raised four girls and three boys, expectin' every time they'd be twins and red-headed like their Grandpa Bennett, an' yet they ain't."

"An' I've worried considerable over smallpox breakin' out in my big family. So far, 'tain't."

"Last summer, durin' July an' August, an' mebbe part of September, I was real meloncholic, fearin' I'd got an appendix; but I guess I ain't."

"An' through it all, it never occurred to me that I'd be the one to fall through them rotten old meetin' house steps an' break my leg in two places, but I be."—Youth's Companion.

### AND THE CAT LAUGHED.



She—John, dear, the doctor says I need a change of climate.

Her Husband—All right, the weather man says it will be colder tomorrow.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

They Don't Speak Now. "You love long rambles in the country?" asked the girl in the white sweater.

"Yes, indeed," responded the young man in the green hat with the purple band and buckled shoes. "When I go out in the country all nature seems to smile."

"Gracious! I don't blame her. It is a wonder she don't laugh outright."

A Cheerful Guesser. "What does an actor mean by a 'fat part'?"

"I don't know, but from the oleaginous sound I should judge it means the olio."—Kansas City Times.

Pettit's Eye Salve for 25c. Relieves tired, congested, inflamed and sore eyes, quickly stops eye aches. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Money isn't everything in the world, but it's difficult to realize this fully unless you have money.

You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Anacharsis: Laws catch flies and let hornets go free.

For famous and delicious candies and chocolates, write to the maker for catalog, wholesale or retail. Gunther's Confectionery 212 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

DEFIANCE Cold Water Starch makes laundry work a pleasure. 16 oz. pkg. 10c.

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water (with eye use.)

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 48, 1908.

### THE DIFFERENCE.



Jones—You never hear of a fat criminal, do you?

"Homes," certainly not. Look how difficult it would be for a stout person to stoop to anything low!"

Reached His Limit. Little Henry had been very naughty and was shut up in a closet until he should express proper penitence for his misdeeds. Near by at his mother, ready to extend pardon to the small offender at the first sign of sorrow. At last a faint sigh caught her ear. Creeping silently to the door, she discovered the child seated on the floor in a disconsolate attitude.

"Poor me!" he muttered, with another sigh. "Why can't I get out? I've done sorried all I can sorry!"—Delineator.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LEON COURTNEY, J. S. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every copy of CATARRH CURE that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1908. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sold by all Druggists. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

It was at Derby, England, that the members of the Society of Friends were first called Quakers, and the church there has just observed its centennial.

Lewis' Single Binder costs more than other 5c cigars. Smokers know why. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A man who is continually breaking his promises soon goes to pieces.

Mrs. Wislowsky's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

How we dislike to accept a favor from a person we dislike!

900 DROPS CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Atchafalaya. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP. Fac Simile Signature of J. C. Atchafalaya. THE CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK. 46 months old 33 Doses—33 CENTS. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act. Exact Copy of Wrapper.

PISO'S CHRONIC CHEST COMPLAINTS. The most serious character have been permanently cured with PISO'S Cure. Coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis and asthma quickly respond to its healing influence. If you have a cough or cold, if you are hoarse or have difficulty with your breathing, get a bottle of PISO'S Cure. Immediate benefit follows the first dose. Continued use generally brings complete relief. For nearly half a century PISO'S Cure has been demonstrating that the most advanced forms of coughs, colds and chronic chest complaints CAN BE CURED. HOW TO CURE IT. PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all colors. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. Cleanses the System Effectually. Dispels Colds and Headaches due to Constipation. Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old. To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package. SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.



### COLDS FROM EXPOSURE

to all kinds of inclement weather are of such common occurrence that they are not generally considered dangerous. This is a great mistake. Serious illness often follows in the wake of a neglected cold.

### DR. D. JAYNE'S Expectorant

has been successful for seventy-eight years in curing Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, and Pleurisy. It is also a standard remedy for Croup, Whooping-Cough, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest and Asthma.

Cure your cold now to your druggist's and get a bottle of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. Three sizes, \$1.00, 50c, and 25c.

Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge will build you up splendidly if "run down" from a severe cold.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to the Hair. Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & dandruff. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

CANDY. For famous and delicious candies and chocolates, write to the maker for catalog, wholesale or retail. Gunther's Confectionery 212 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

DEFIANCE Cold Water Starch makes laundry work a pleasure. 16 oz. pkg. 10c.

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water (with eye use.)

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 48, 1908.